

WINNIE PAZ

SEASON OF THE ASSASSIN



EXPLICIT
ADVISORY

Vinnie Paz - Intro Lyrics

{Clip from some documentary about Vinny Pazienza the boxer I guess:}

He's a fighter and fighter...*

You don't make fighters.

Vinnie's a born fighter and I could see that when he was a kid, he was little, he was different from other kids.

{Excerpt from the Hagakure:}

Yeah, Pazienza, I'm here baby. The Way of the Assassin is found in death. Meditation on inevitable death should be performed daily. Every day when one's body and mind are at peace, one should meditate upon being ripped apart by arrows, rifles, spears and swords, being carried away by surging waves, being thrown into the midst of a great fire, being struck by lightning, being shaken to death by a great earthquake, falling from thousand-foot cliffs, dying of disease or committing seppuku at the death of one's master. And every day without fail one should consider himself as dead. This is the substance of the Way of the Assassin.

Vinnie Paz - Beautiful Love Lyrics

(*Prod. by Shuko)

[Verse 1:]

I'm out for whatever you wanna call it, cash or paper*
My only purpose to kill, perfect assassinator
I'm on the path of Islam, you on the path of Vader
My nickname Buck 50 cousin pass the razor
The 750, I turn you from a fan to hater
Feeling myself like I'm a chronic masturbator
I ain't the type of motherfucker you should ask a favour
I'm the type of motherfucker that'll blast my neighbour
I look at anybody as weak that has a saviour
The Israeli Galil will turn your ass to vapour
I got an Ingram MAC-11 and it has a laser
I got a thing for MAC-11s, not a passive nature
Everything I write is war on the pad and paper
I don't listen to rap no more, my passion's Slayer
My heart is cold as the temperature of a massive glacier
I put a giant hole inside you like a massive crater

[Verse 2:]

Everywhere I go to ball Paz is strapped
I be loading it up, I be cocking it back
I ain't in my right mind, I ain't stopping at that
I will hit his lifeline in the back of his cap
See I'm faster than a motherfucker grabbing his gat
Beating me is just illogical imagining that
I'm a [?] you is just a pacifist rat
I make bodies disappear like a magical act
Yeah, I'm just giving the fans another anthem
This is just another example of my expansion
I make your top drop like the new Phantom
I like to pop shots with my new cannon
The left hook wild vicious, I'm a champion
You ain't wilding out cousin, that's a tantrum
Wild assault rifles, thirty fucking handguns
I'm holding all of you motherfuckers for ransom

Vinnie Paz - Brick Wall Lyrics

(*Prod. by C-Lance)
[** feat. Ill Bill and Demoz:]

[Verse 1: ~Vinnie Paz~]
This is Taliban rap, I'm a fucking bomber*
My head wrapped like somebody who suffered trauma
Musically I'm the embodiment of Jeffrey Dahmer
Usually in the environment of marijuana
My straight right like Arguello was
You a medigon, Vinnie do what a dego does
You about to find out what the human tornado does
You a bitch, you ain't even half what you say you was
My shit is hard body lord, I'm a fucking legend
I don't get my hands dirty, that's for fucking henchmen
I'm the equivalent of Russian Roulette, fucking tension
And when you hear the ram's horn it's the fucking ending
I'm a vampire, I love the setting of sun
The night my time killing already begun
I'm from the same place Anton Lavey is from
I'm about to put the biscuit right to my head and be done

[Chorus: ~Demoz~]
This Percodan got me feeling like a brick wall
With that said I give a fuck about a withdrawal
Fuck a quarterback, bullets get you picked off
Critics get pissed on when I'm pissed off

This Percodan got me feeling like a brick wall
With that said I give a fuck about a withdrawal
Fuck a quarterback, bullets get you picked off
Critics get pissed on when I'm pissed off

[Verse 2: ~Demoz~]
1978 my mom had a date
'84 had me, had a hard time great
Mom wasn't weak, I guess my dad wasn't fake
But guessing only led to one thing, my mistakes
That's why I cut the grass real low, check for snakes
Apply pressure when I need to satisfy my weight
Selling coke and the diesel
Fiends going crazy putting dope in their needles, it's hopeless and evil
You can smoke wet and get smoked with the Eagle
All over nothing, fucking pride and your ego
Spit all facts, I ain't gotta mislead you
Talk shit wherever you stand, that's where I leave you
Believe me, I can get you killed real easy

Leave the scene but the ho won't leave me
Tackle the dresser, bitch try to tease me
I put a hole in her head right where her weave be, believe me

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3: ~I'll Bill~]

I'm the bomb attached to the chest of exploding martyrs, code of honours

Shoot me out your M16, deliver souls beyond the world

To conquer planets and enslave entire populations

Colosseums where Hamas supply the operation

Gladiators battle on the side of sovereign nations

Fathers of confrontation, Lamas to pop your face in

Blinded by lies and hatred, they conjure up abomination

Armies march across the continents honouring Satan

The final countdown, 2012

Jumping out the Black Hawk with the black Eagle by the money belt

I take you from the edges of space to the projects

From the pyramids to Giza to where God sits, we monstrous

I'm conscious homie, I'm wide-aware

I supply the hate, La Coka Nostra

The skull and guns, I supply the weight

How many bricks you want? Let me see your money first

As a matter of fact I'm taking your money you fucking herb

Fuck outta here, Billy Idol, La Coka Nostradamus

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Pistolvania Lyrics

[Verse 1]

I can show you how the nine spit
It's Frost, Freeway, and Vinnie from Jedi Mind Tricks, I'm on my grind trick
Niggas flows is hot but Frost greater
Y'all niggas don't exist like Luke without Vader
Got a young buck that remind me of Lando Calrissian
Smooth as Billy Dee when he sneak his pistols in
A Colt 45 it works every time
Vinnie out there drinking on that (that's right)
I know they out there thinking on that
Niggas think about creeping on Jakk
Probably mad cause his main bitch creeping with Jakk
Every third weekend with Jakk she sleeping with Jakk
How sleezy is that?
Y'all niggas talk George but you ain't seen the brick yet
I've been touching money since the kitten played ? stack
But a house party to me is a crib full of fiends
Ready to cop that ziplock ready rock

[Hook]

Hip hop started out in the park
That's right, we used to do it when the weed would sparked
When the drinks start flowing and the green starts glowing
If you from the hood I know you feel me, keep going

Hip hop started out in the park
That's right, we used to do it when the weed would sparked
When the drinks start flowing and the green starts glowing
If you from the hood I know you feel me, keep going

[Verse 2]

Who the best motherfucker in the street that you never heard?
The 45 separate your head and it severs nerves
Call me Koko B. Ware, I carry several birds
I'll demolish enemy scholars with every deadly word
These motherfuckers don't know the pain that the steel is doing
I'mma let em take it back to the block and explain it to em
Cut a motherfucker head like Hussein would do him
Take his motherfucking bread now it's painless to him
And feed the pitbulls that man's bones
Cause I'm here to fuck the game up like Pac-man Jones
I'm Kobe with rock, if not I'll fucking zone in the spot
But if you disrespect my mother or my home then you shot
I'm lonely a lot and that's the type of person who's deadly

And the 50 cal make your face look like spaghetti
Look at this feti, look at all this beautiful shit
A south Philly scumbag wearing Gucci and shit
It's over

[Hook]

Hip hop started out in the park
That's right, we used to do it when the weed would sparked
When the drinks start flowing and the green starts glowing
If you from the hood I know you feel me, keep going

Hip hop started out in the park
That's right, we used to do it when the weed would sparked
When the drinks start flowing and the green starts glowing
If you from the hood I know you feel me, keep going

[Verse 3]

This is Jakk Frost, it's your boy Vinnie, Philly Freezer
We do it proper cause hip hoppers they really need us
I tote the semi if you ? you won't really see it
How about a tough guy scream when he's shot
I ran terror from the same era as Biggie and Pac
This is ? we will plot you leave you paraplegic
You never there, I'm everywhere
I say I'm there then believe it
When you see me Louis Vuitton here in the drop yeah
Philly Freezer get paper all year
New Year's I'm on the ball, I'll be there when it drops
These snitch niggas saying I'm near when I'm not
Bet you when the bodies dropping they start calling the law
Rockafella heat spitters, Desert Eagle heat holders
Philly Freezer keep soldiers that'll ride for the cause
The AK will heat niggas, it'll flip your Jeep over
If these niggas try me probably catch a body tomorrow yeah

Vinnie Paz - End Of Days Lyrics

(*Prod. by Sicknature)

[** feat. lock McCloud:]

[Intro:]

The greatest form of control is when you think you're free when you're being fundamentally manipulated and dictated to. One form of dictatorship is being in a prison cell and you can see the bars and touch them. The other one is sitting in a prison cell but you can't see the bars but you think you're free*

What the human race is suffering from is mass hypnosis. We are being hypnotized by people like this: newsreaders, politicians, teachers, lecturers. We are in a country and in a world that is being run by unbelievably sick people. The chasm between what we're told is going on and what is really going on is absolutely enormous.

[Chorus: ~Block McCloud~]

It's like we all know what's going down

But no one's saying shit, what happened to the home of the brave?

These motherfuckers they're controlling us now

But no one's talking about it, made us proud to be slaves

And everybody's just walking around

Head in the clouds, we won't awake until we're dead in the grave

By then it's too late, we need to be ready to raise up

Welcome to the end of days

[Verse 1: ~Vinnie Paz~]

Everybody is slave, only some are aware

That the government releasing poison in the air

That's the reason I collect so many guns in my lair

I ain't never caught slipping, never underprepared

Yeah, The Shaytan army, they just break it proudly

George Bush the grandson of Aleister Crowley

They want you to believe the lie that the enemy Saudi

The enemy ain't Saudi, the enemy around me

There's fluoride in the water but nobody know that

It's also a prominent ingredient in Prozac (For real?)

How could any government bestow that?

A proud people who believe in political throwback

That's not all that I'm here to present you

I know about the black pope in Solomon's Temple

Yeah, about the Vatican assassins and how they will get you

And how they cloned Barack Hussein Obama in a test tube

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]

Whoever built the pyramids had knowledge of electrical power

And you know that that's the information that they suppress and devour
Who you think the motherfuckers that crashed in the tower?
Who you think that made it turn into ash in an hour?
The same ones that invaded Jerome
The ones that never told you about the skeletons on the moon
Yeah, the ones that poison all the food you consume
The ones that never told you about Mount Vesuvius Tomb
The Bird Flu is a lie, the Swine Flu is a lie
Why would that even come as a surprise?
Yeah, the Polio vaccine made you die
It caused cancer and it cost a lot of people their lives
Do y'all know about Bohemian Grove?
How the world leader sacrificing children in robes?
Lucifer is God in the public school system
I suggest you open up your ears and you listen

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Outro:]

The greatest hypnotist on the planet Earth is an oblong box in the corner in the room. It is constantly telling us what to believe is real. If you can persuade people that what they see with their eyes is what there is to see you've got them. Because they'll laugh in your face of an explanation then which portrays the big picture of what's happening... and they have.

Vinnie Paz - Righteous Kill Lyrics

(*Prod. by Lord Finesse)

[Verse 1:]

I'm a fucking thunderstorm, you's a light shower*
You a bitch, you shoot and miss like Dwight Howard
 You can't battle the god, I'm too precise coward
That's like Khalid Muhammad saying he's White Power
This the machete that your organs getting sliced out with
 The blind motherfucker in the village Bryce Howard
 My brain only function proper in the night hours
 You might own a fucking label but the mic ours
 My shit hi-tech lord like a plastic bomb
 An asshole, I punch people with glasses on
 Anybody disagreeable we mashing on
I only fuck with green and gold god magic wand
An encore is the only thing that you clapping on
 I'm a pitbull pussy, you a papillon
A bitch get a 40 from me, not a glass of Dom
 I'm the G-29 in the assassin's palm

[Chorus:]

All I hear is danger, all I see is danger
All you hear is "run, run, here come danger"
Shatter dreams like Freddy your thoughts rearrange ya
 Stare death dead in the eyes, it'll change ya

All I hear is danger, all I see is danger
All you hear is "run, run, here come danger"
Shatter dreams like Freddy your thoughts rearrange ya
 Stare death dead in the eyes, it'll change ya

[Verse 2:]

It's a righteous kill, I don't do nothing but write and kill
 Drink 40s, smoke el, push the white and krill
 I move strong and fast, I have a bison's will
I'm the motherfucking champ, I'm the fighting field
 I'm from the city of the syrup and Vicodin pills
From the city the most fearless of fighters was filmed
The city where we have the most street veterans still
 The Moors, Nuwaubians, Five Percenters will build
 I'm from Philly motherfucker, the rawest it comes
 I make your body disappear, I'm a sorcerer's tongue
You live your whole life in fear that the torture will come
 I hope my music is revered like a portrait of Pun
 I'm paranoid god here in my fortress with guns
I had a void god, filled it with whores and with blunts

I ain't have a choice god, I was born in the slums
I ain't have a voice god till I slaughtered the drums

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

Yeah, the four-fifth is a melon popper
Hollow tips spin your body like a helicopter
Anything can move god if you sell it proper
And I've been through more viewings than a teleprompter
This is horrorcore beat, got hella monsters
My team's got more Gs than a spelling proctor
Y'all ain't never moved D, y'all are petty choppers
I got a vicious left hook, call me Eddie Thomas
But I'm raw with the right hand
Like Jack Johnson fighting against the white man
Yeah I'm about to shorten your life span
Evil shit can be good if it's in the right hands
I make motherfuckers burn, you a slight tan
I keep a motherfucking urn on my nightstand
So wait your motherfucking turn like a hype man
I bury you with the snitches under the white sand

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - No Spiritual Surrender Lyrics

(*Prod. by DJ Muggs)

[** feat. Sick Jacken:]

[Verse 1:]

I don't know why y'all scared now, this ain't a new game*
Christians been raping children over in Ukraine
I don't indulge in small talk, it's only true pain
I don't divulge the plan ahk, I fuck with Hussein
Acid is falling from the sky, fuck a new reign
This is a flammable liquified gas butane
Muggs gave me audio heroin, hit the blue vein
I ain't even Vinnie no more, Evil my new name
I'm like Elijah Muhammad carrying thoughts afar
Laws of nature and mathematical charts of god
I'm taking everything letting you faggot authors starve
War criminals are becoming the arbiters of law
And y'all are fouler than swallowing pork
Real talk, free speech under foreign assault
And y'all are burying your head in the dirt
The heavy metal king hold big shit, hit your head with the lock

[Chorus: ~Sick Jacken~]

This shit is (raw), the Jedi Mind's (raw)
It's war with the metaphor and you ain't seen a storm before
You ain't Pac, get the fuck out of the underground floor
It's over, homie you ain't got no love anymore

Do it (raw), the Psychorealm's (raw)
This war's gonna end all, you ain't seen a storm before
I ain't taking this shit no more
We approach with a white skull when we assassinating y'all

[Verse 2:]

I'm the father of anything that's been done before
I was sparring with you, I ain't even begun the war
I like darkness, I don't know what the sun is for
Y'all have small hammers, y'all must be the son of Thor
Don't need hands, telepathically the gun will draw
That's the reason that you motherfuckers is running for
I saw the angel Gabriel y'all who we coming for
Y'all lock your part the same hell when I confronted y'all
I can ascend without any physical death
I can repent without any physical breath
To me it's not a discussion it's invisible chess
And if the vodka not Russian then it ain't hitting the chest
I can talk about guns, drugs, deading your shit

I can talk about the Torah and dimensional shifts
The power of the almighty is what's sent through my lips
The power of the almighty when the sentinel spits

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

I'm the complete rapper, the seventh son of the beast master
My heart is bigger than anyone and it beats faster
I'm a fucking king getting better with each chapter
Kiss the fucking ring, you'd better agree bastard
A sucker MC like to think [?] classic
I'm not a fucking star yet but the seed planted
Energy of god head, Vinnie P tantric
I'm capable of levitating and speak Sanskrit
Yeah, and that's all part of the perfect machine
Part of perfect precision, part of the perfect regime
Part of purpose and the part of the work on my Deen
Perform wudhu make salah now the surface is clean
Everything meticulous, Vinnie's work is pristine
Fuck with me you'll take a trip under earth with the queen
I give a fuck about a critic, I'm searching for cream
My shit is filled with hollow tips so it bursts in ya spleen

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Street Wars Lyrics

(*Prod. by Shuko)
[** feat. Clipse and Block McCloud:]

[Verse 1:]

Yeah, bout as real as they come*
Still pushing base like an African drum
The only other hands that it touched before Young
Was a Guala out of Dallas with shag like Tum Tum
Back to the hood where niggas started detoxing
Till I hit them corners with that motherfucking sheet rock
The rollers back bitch, the seal's on the back bitch
The six-three highlights the difference like an asterisks
Yes, the re-up game never dies
Soda makes the brick multiply
Push tons of monster with the pie
Keep water from the villain
Remember what it did to them gremlins?
Oh God, street wars when the heat warms up
In summertime niggas know what's up
Heavy armour, heavy drama, heavy karmas
Be the reason haters scared of us fucking their baby mamas

[Chorus:]

Soon as this product hits the street
You know they will be strung
They'll be dancing to the beat of this drum
Listen, It's addiction hey

You know we got em hooked like fiends
They open like a drug
They'll be dancing to the beat of this drum
Listen, It's addiction

[Verse 2:]

Yeah, I told Pusha, I told Mal
Vinnie move more white shit than a snowplough
Everybody knew the guinnie was so foul
The SKS with the bayonet, oh wow
I'll rob everything and leave you with a hungry gut
The hollow tips leave you looking like you got a Gumby cut
You think you fucking with the God then you's a funny fuck
Rambo knife cut your stomach like a tummy tuck
All you see is darkness when the gun bursts
The G36 melt your brain like a Pun verse
I act wild but I handle my funds first
I'm drunk all the time, blood quenches the son's thirst

I don't talk about the money I got
Because if money want my money then money gets shot
Rap shit don't work then I dumb on the block
With Pusha and Mal cooking up the drums in the pot

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

Still with the coke man, same as it ever was
Re-up game, we the shame of America
Eighties hysteria, the 'caine be my legacy
The feds got our names, they hang us in effigy
Best believe it come back like it never left
I write rhymes but I'll bet I'd make a better chef
They can't wait for it to dry, they like it better wet
And I'm heavy with the D like Eddie F
I whip it good, real good then I let it rest
Then I scrape the sides then I let em test
Yes, I got weight like Creatine
A gem star hit that chopping block like a guillotine
Know what I mean? Sitting on chrome rims
Not only paper, we stack brick like Stonehenge
Go against us? Haters got no wins
I trust no one and I don't need no friends

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Ain't Shit Changed Lyrics

(*Prod. by MTK)

[** feat. Lawrence Arnell:]

[Verse 1:]

Ain't a goddamn thing gonna change, I'm still the same Vinnie*
I'm still the same fat motherfucker, same guinea
A little bit more money, that's why I ain't skinny
Still the same block-hugger, still the same city
I still got the same people that remain with me
That was drinking 40s with me when they slain Biggie
And the same motherfuckers felt the pain with me
When my stepfather died and they came with me
I ain't expect nothing less from them, they chained to me
Spiritually, mentally, we the same really
We all was raised on different blocks in the same Philly
Still some stupid motherfuckers saying they can't feel me
Actually they do feel me, they just ashamed really
That they ain't shining like the kid, a bunch of lames really
Dirtbags trying to make the kid insane really
But Louie Dogs just impervious to pain really

[Chorus:]

Every morning I rise up, I open my eyes
Thinking I'm the shit
I guarantee if you're fucking with me
You gon' know who you're fucking with

I been this way since I came of age
And I never did play them games
I'll be this way till the day I lay
Cause ain't a goddamn thing gonna change

[Verse 2:]

It ain't anybody ever gonna hold me down
I'm one of the greatest ever homie I stole the crown
I'm too strong and fast, you ain't slowing me down
I'm gonna keep beating your head, call me Homie the Clown
I hope that y'all are holding close to your rosaries now
I think I got a couple snitches that's close to me now
If I was them I'd keep it moving be ghost from me now
And pray that they don't run into Vinnie socially now
It's always one motherfucker trying to set you up
Dry snitch take something from you, wet you up
I was sleeping being dumb trying to protect the fuck
He getting buck fifty, slice him from his neck to gut
All in all ain't nothing changed, still the same squad

Some are still hustling, summers at the same job
Some is 9 to 5, some is on the graveyard
I'd rather have them on tour with me so I pray hard

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

I'm the truth motherfucker, not built to betray
With the philosophy that Rome wasn't built in a day
No matter how strong the body it wilts and decay
After it's hit by a shotty that's silver and grey
I'm a mess, bipolar, I'm willing to say
That there ain't a woman that's living that's willing to stay
Somebody please fix my head, I'm willing to pay
I'm too at ease with the dead and the killing okay
Damn, I'm anti-social I'd rather be home
And when I'm drunk Planet and Crypt carry me home
I don't have a happy ending, just tragedy homes
You better address me as mister or majesty homes
I'm a messiah, I'm a liar, I have to be stoned
I'm a pariah, I retire, I have to be cloned
I have fire, I'm desire, this has to be known
I'm a survivor, a relier on tragedy's throne

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Aristotle's Dilemma Lyrics

(*Prod. by Madlib)

[Intro:]

Silly girl to be a fool*
You didn't play the golden rule
'Cause once you're through with one world
There's another waiting there

[Verse 1:]

Y'all motherfuckers walk around like you got a wire
My watch face the same size as a Ducati tire
Everybody hit the deck when the shotty fire
Vinnie give your team problems like I'm Stoudemire
Your fam should be ashamed of you still
This ain't a cookout but Vinnie put the flame to your grill
You claim to be real but y'all just end up painfully killed
My four-fifth is vicious, cold enough for Satan to chill
I don't give a fuck cousin, everybody can fry
Everyone could be a victim, everybody could cry
Only a real man look another dead in the eye
And tell him that he only got like twenty seconds to die
I'm slow but I realise that's my best pace
My voice raw, when I spit it crack through my chest plate
I ain't the type of motherfucker to test fate
The type of motherfucker to increase the arrest rate
Streets fucked up suffering bad, there's no kush
Motherfuckers stuck hustling skag
Yeah, same ones get stuck with the mag
Hard rock turn to rubble cause he's fucking a fag

[Chorus:]

Silly girl to be a fool
You didn't play the golden rule
'Cause once you're through with one world
There's another waiting there

Silly girl to be a fool
You didn't play the golden rule
'Cause once you're through with one world
There's another waiting there

[Verse 2:]

I'm a go hard till nothing is left
Till there's nothing left in the world, nothing but death
And the .38 tucked in my vest
And I stare at my guns like they're a pair of voluptuous breasts

I don't care, I'll take one in my chest
If it means seeing my father again and maybe touching his flesh
I'll walk around with thirty guns in my sweats
If it means that I'm eating and my mother eating, son of success
I see the world different than y'all
I have more determination and persistence than y'all
It's probably why I have such a resistance to y'all
It's probably why I been so much more consistent than y'all
It's business-involved, I'm everything that you could possibly dream
I'm a mathematician, I'm a vision, I'm a machine
Know what I mean? I roll with brothers pushing rock to the fiends
Roll with brothers who love their mothers, stay on top of their Deen
Louie Dogs rap harder than most
And I got something that rearrange your face and turn your pop to a ghost
You get rocked with the toast
And I make you put your hands up like people that are talking in quotes

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Kill 'Em All Lyrics

(*Prod. by C-Lance)
[** feat. Beanie Sigel:]

[Intro:]

People want to think that this is the Wild West – we don't have any laws*
What we don't have is enforcement of those laws.
Senator Fumo argues tougher gun laws alone won't stop shootings.
Last time I checked we had a law against murder.
It doesn't prevent people from killing people.
The governor, the mayor, the DA, they all want stricter gun laws.

[Verse 1: ~Beanie Sigel~]

May death come to all those who cross us
The preachers, the pastors, the deacons, coffins
Church masses, closed caskets, Bible verses, long black hearses
Long-ass gats too big for holsters, obituary posters getting posted
The reaper closing in, he's getting closer
You just fake, you blink it's over
[?] soldier here, SK shoulder gear, ice grill who? Hold that steer
Half a clip and I hold that dear [?] now roll that J, yeah
You missed the list of the souls I spit
I double-checked that you ain't on that there
I squeeze weapons, hollow points open up like the cobra head
Collapse lungs like a fold-up chair, flat line, clear

[Chorus (2x): ~Vinnie Paz~]

Kill 'em all, kill 'em all
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]

I rhyme like my life on the line, this fucking mic is mine
The past burglar, the mass murderer, the viper's shrine
A strong body could never conquer a righteous mind
Some think it's destiny, some of you think it's Christ-designed
You consider what I'm doing like a magical art
I consider what I'm doing like a stab through the heart
My brain moves at light speed, nothing fast as my thought
You might feel a slight breeze from the savage's heart
Y'all saying Vinnie is back but Vinnie never left
I just had these faggots hating and watching my every step
Everything with Vinnie very deadly, every breath
Everything with Vinnie very heavy, heavenly flesh
Y'all ain't fucking with weight, I'm doing steady reps
I'm a sell my shit and then skate like I was Kerry Getz

I keep my biscuit right next to where my machete rest
Everything is everything but pussy death is death

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

Vinnie Paz - Keep Movin' On Lyrics

(*Prod. by MoSS)
[** feat. Shara Worden:]

[Verse 1:]

I lost my job at the factory and that's disastrous*
They said it's due to regulation and higher taxes
They ain't give me no notice, they knocked me off my axis
I can't pay the electric bill, it's total blackness
I suggested some incentives for innovation
But that was met with resistance like it's a sin of Satan
I'm losing my patience over here, I'm sick of waiting
And I ain't never expect to be in this situation
And the manufacturing jobs are fading fast
Can't do nothing else, I should've stayed in class
I have to wait till summertime to cut the blades of grass
I have this little bit of money, have to make it last
I have children to feed, I have a loving wife
I had a hard time coming that was nothing nice
I keep asking myself what am I doing wrong
And they just look at me and tell me keep it movin' on

[Chorus:]

Keep movin' on
But I don't know where to go
Nowhere to go
Keep movin' on

[Verse 2:]

It was like '91, '92
I remember people telling us that ain't nobody signing you
There's no Italians or Puerto Ricans that's shining through
Y'all should just go back and just do what y'all was designed to do
We ain't listened to none of that, we hard-headed
We took it back to the lab and then the god set it
We smoked els, drank liquor and we got wetted
And everything we did back then was barbaric
Around '94 had some labels take notice
They said that Stoupe was the illest but that I ain't focused
The label execs needed to be explained openness
And that's around the time I thought that it became hopeless
We was still in the street, D was moving strong
I was failing out of school, it wasn't cool with moms
I was asking myself, "What was we doing wrong? "
And why the industry keep saying to keep it movin' on

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

I signed up cause they promised me some college money
I ain't the smartest motherfucker but I'm not a dummy
They told me I would be stationed in places hot and sunny
I had a lot of pride, motherfuckers got it from me
These people over here innocent, they never harmed me
My sergeant tried to convince me that they would try to bomb me
I feel like an outsider stuck inside this army
Everybody brainwashed, American zombies
I ain't realised how much it set me back
Until I lost my leg and then they sent me back
I don't have anything now I'm left with scraps
From a government who created AIDS, invented crack
People told me not to join, I tried to prove em wrong
Now I'm homeless and I'm cold without no food is worm
I keep asking myself, "What did I do that's wrong? "
And the government telling me keep it movin' on

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Monster's Ball Lyrics

I feel reinvigorated, don't fuck with the boss
I'd rather cut my own throat before suffering loss
Anybody fucking with me get hung on the cross
I have anger in me, don't make me summon the source
I go to war with the Glock
I go to war with anybody motherfucker, I'm a sorcerer ock
Fucking everything whether the bitch is gorgeous or not
I murder everything, that's just some of my torturous plot
If you righteous and you under attack
Like the Anbar Awakening and Sons of Iraq
The fifty cal is like a thunderous clap
If you think that you safe and nothing wrong that's a presumptuous act
It ain't no tomorrow, I don't got a dime saved
And if you did it's in the Wall Street crime wave
It ain't nothing worse in the world than a mind slave
Going to war with my people how I define brave

[Chorus]

I'm a monster
Ain't no one can fuck with the kid
I'm a monster
My jail brothers stuck with a bid
I'm a monster
Everything I do is precise
I'm a monster
Pazienza ruin your life

I'm a monster
Ain't no one can fuck with the kid
I'm a monster
My jail brothers stuck with a bid
I'm a monster
Everything I do is precise
I'm a monster
Pazienza ruin your life

[Verse 2]

Yeah you know that Vinnie he been nice
Y'all don't belong inside of the ring like you Kimb' Slice
I ain't gonna take all of your skin, just a thin slice
They call me John "The Beast" Mugabi when Vin fights
Vin Laden, Taliban, Hamas, and Al-Qaeda
You a snitch cop lover, you fuck with a traitor
I'm a motherfucking brick you constructed of paper
I dumped the motherfucking clip now you dust and you vapour

I was there when all the planets was born
Before the Continental Drift and when Atlantis was formed
When Gandhi told the Indians to stand and be strong
And took the British out with intellect in spite of their brawn

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Everything Pazienza do is hard body
I don't care if you Blood, Ñeta, or Godbody
I was devilish before the power of God got me
I just think I let the fucking sword of Allah chop em
Mossberg nine thirty-five is amazing
The Prada high-tops the same colour as raisin
He a rat, not even his mother can save him
That's what you get for being brothers with Satan
The thirty-eight practical, the Glock is for fair
And this for jail brothers something they can knock on the tier
Yeah, I'll stick a knife in your esophagus queer
I'm an animal, every rhyme will demolish you queers
Gas high but you can get the D for a real price
This Sig Sauer 1911 is real nice
I'll stick through the wrist with a steel spike
And now maybe you'll overstand the pain of the real Christ

[Chorus]

Vinnie Paz - Role Of Life Lyrics

(*Prod. by Bronze Nazareth)

Life, this role of life*

[Verse 1:]

This is Rock of Gibraltar rap
The Springfield M14 show you where the coffin's at
You motherfuckers don't belong in rap
Fuck with me you got a better chance taking an abortion back
You lack flavour, put some sauce on that
I went to the Great Wall, put my fist through and walked through that
Where this motherfucker's fortune at?
I'm a levitate his body, make it spin like a Laundromat
Motherfucker I was born to rap
I've been making records wild long, never did a song that's whack
How many have accomplished that?
I was wild as a young boy, shouldn't have put moms through that
Vinnie Paz been to Nam and back
I ain't never put the guns down cousin so my palms is black
You a bitch, I ain't involved with that
I got a big trunk and that's where Vinnie keep all of his corpses at

[Chorus:]
Life, this role of life

[Verse 2:]

Silverback Gorilla walk through the minefield
We don't see eye to eye how you define real
Y'all are wondering if I'm out of my mind still
I just need some liquor and pills and I'm chill
I run with Puerto Rocks, Morenos and vagabonds
And Paz will shoot this motherfucker up like Barrie Bonds
I'm like a military doctor, Vinnie carry arms
My shit is military proper, Vinnie carry bombs
I kick in the door like BI did
And the automatic weapons look like TI crib
Vinnie fat, you'll never see my ribs
I don't call it loading bullets, I refer to it as feed my kids
All I think about is slaughtering y'all
This little motherfucker named Charles Hamilton is harder than y'all
It's in the garbage with y'all
Listen to all you Myspace rappers, I'm a father to y'all

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

I write in the rain, turn beautiful night into pain
I turn life into a frightening game
I don't have love in me, it's just ice in my veins
My fist Hammer of Thor, I Tyson the game
This rap shit deep in my heart
Y'all was sleep from the start
But that just led to unbelievable art
And on top of that the god is unbelievably smart
My bare fists turn trees into bark
Y'all don't want any improvement at all
Y'all are devils, y'all are torturing the rule of law
My mind is a computer of war
And it's typically the biggest motherfucker that'll usually fall
Give me one take cousin, the god out
A forty of [?] and I ride out
The forty Glock popping your eyes out
Now you never get a chance to see what the god 'bout

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Nosebleed Lyrics

[** feat. R.A. the Rugged Man:]

[Verse 1: ~RA The Rugged Man~]

Ruin your idol, I'm glued to the Bible and my rifle, losing your title*
Instead of shooting you're suing for libel
Everybody hate me cause I stay true to the facts
The Ku Klux Klan hate me more than Jews and Blacks
Yeah, you over for certain, you can pray to whoever
Jehovah, Buddha, Allah, Jesus, Mother Mary the Virgin
Is it the violence that the TV taught us?
I grew up worshipping Charles Bronson, John Rambo, and Chuck Norris
Pazienza the Pazmanian Damien rapping the pain he in
Cracking your cranium, I'm macking mahogany at the Palladium
I'm Bruce Leroy, you Eddie Arkadian
I got the gat and the black [?] Arabian I'm waterboarding like Dick Cheney
And yo back at the first day of my birth
The moment I was born I was condemned by the Catholic Church
Warsaw battling the streets we inhabited
I'm sugar like Ray Robinson, you ain't even saccharin
Leaving you staggering making an impact
New York, we created this rap
This a blatant attack, East Coast we taking it back, c'mon

[Chorus:]

Life is love, death, pain
Hate [?] nothing to gain
Life is love, death, pain
Hate [?] nothing to gain

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]

I'm letting this motherfuckers live, it was truly compassion
I'm brutally bashing cause I'm steadily losing my passion
Tell Louie to stab em or to shoot em with two different Magnums
I'm usually packing carry hawks like I'm Julian Jackson
I'll rob em for Gucci, I'm a thief, these are Lucifer's actions
I'm a provider, I'm a messiah, Jesus' assassin
I don't think it's anybody living truly could match this
I slaughter Buddha through the computer, Medusa's companion
A lot of rappers wanna beef with the lion
Ain't too many people that's as fucking lethal as I am
I feast em and fry em, Vinnie so at peace with the violence
I exercise absolute power, peace to the tyrants
I'm old school like quarter waters and eating in silence
You new school like faggot rappers competing for prizes
I'm a send you to the afterlife speak to Osiris
And when he ask you why you there tell him the lethalest virus

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - WarMonger Lyrics

(*Prod. by Fizzy Womack)

[Verse 1:]

My fist enters in your temple like an obelisk*
It's blackness, darkness, abyss of joblessness
Everything you do is small, my shit is monstrous
I murder devils and any of their accomplices
My brain function on other levels of consciousness
My brain function on other levels of pompousness
You're listening to the bass and treble of godlessness
My thirty-eight will spit hate and level the populous
My esophagus breed the evil that just demolishes
Whether or not you're a believer in the Apocalypse
Y'all shit is sweeter than two faggots that's locking lips
It ain't a rapper competing with my obnoxiousness
It ain't nobody that's equal to my accomplishments
The Desert Eagle is legal and it astonishes
The AR15 diesel and blow your mom to bits
It's hard to catch me, I'm Thurman Munson and Carlton Fisk

[Chorus:]

Music is motivation for me to just go insane
Man I see it on paper, I know that I should be caged
And I'm trapped but I escaped it
By trapping in that trap for that paper

Music is motivation for me to just go insane
Man I see it on paper, I know that I should be caged
And I'm trapped but I escaped it
By trapping in that trap for that paper

[Verse 2:]

Y'all know the flow is precise
You don't owe me your life
But that could change one roll of the dice
And then money try to go for his knife
I'm a levitate his body to the sky until he's homies with Christ
Don't even fuck around, son is a goon
Son is bipolar, alcoholic, son is consumed
I breathe life into the sun and the moon
I breathe life into the most barren bloodiest womb
Y'all don't know y'all getting stalked in the shower
Populism is rebellion over corporate power
Politics is just the talk of the hour
It's a matter of time before they hit another office or tower
I don't care, I put the gun to your ribs

And the Desert E big, it'll separate mothers from kids
I walked around from Philly slums to the bridge
Been around the world eighty times, nobody can fuck with the kid
Yeah

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Paul And Paz Lyrics

(*Prod. by C-Lance)
[** feat. Paul Wall and Block McCloud:]

[Intro: ~Charlie Manson~]

I run the underworld, guy*

I decide who does what and where they do it at.

Why am I gonna run around and act like I'm some teeny-bopper somewhere for somebody else's money?

I make the money, man.

I roll the nickels.

The game's mine. I'm the king!

[Chorus: ~Block McCloud~]

Gotta get fetti, gotta get that dough

Please don't hate me cause I hustle and it's all I know

We get fetti man, we get that flow

They hate us because we love paper chasing

Gotta get feddy, gotta get that dough

Please don't hate me cause I hustle and it's all I know

We get feddy man, we get that flow

They hate us because we love paper chasing

[Verse 1: ~Paul Wall~]

I'm the man with the plan and them rocks in my hand

In the Cadillac sitting on the fours

I'll do pappy so happy but the haters mad at me

When I come around the corner so slow

I'm the shit where I'm from in the land of Screw

A go-getter chasing after bankrolls

If you're hating don't try it cause I'm waiting so quiet

A player stay up on his toes

I got my mind on paper, not concerned with them haters

Them boys is talking down call me catch up later

See I pull up in that black on black like Darth Vader

Handing bars out the window, serving boys like a waiter

My mind on dollar signs so partner I'm a grind

Gotta punch that clock and paper-chase overtime

That paper is a fool if you put in work

I'm a hustle till I'm under the dirt, I gotta get it baby

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]

I'm nice with the ox, you get cut like the raw white

Or hit you with a fucking silver bullet like Coors Light

I could tell a snitch if he don't walk through the door right

I could tell a snitch if he don't handle the four right

The fifth levitate your body to God's height

Flatline, long dark tunnel and saw light
I'm a ride dirty so motherfucker forget the law
Chicken wing, shrimp, fried rice, and the liquor store
It don't take a lot for me to have the pistol drawn
Get popped in front of me, I don't even assist the boy
Y'all are fronting, I don't know what the resistance for
Y'all are nothing, that's why that you keep you distance for
Anybody fuck with Vinnie getting laid to waste
I'm a have your white tee looking like it's tomato paste
You a joker motherfucker Vinnie play the ace
Paul take the thirty-eight snub and rearrange his face

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Bad Day Lyrics

[Verse 1:]

Some people wake up late, I wake up mad late*
All the time hungover, it's a sad state
I love liquor, she my bitch and her ass great
But I don't remember anything from our last date
I wipe the sleep from my eyes and I peep my phone
Twenty texts, thirty calls, just leave me alone
My head pounding like crazy, I need some Patron
That's the hair of the dog, god need a bone
Kiss my mama on the cheek, she look beautiful
(Vinnie you're a mess, what I'm gonna do with you?)
I know you cooking something
(Yeah, I made some food for you)
Managut, bragol, and some brigutte too)
I told you wild times ma I don't fuck with pork
Please pass the lucatelli and a bunch of salt
The phone ring, it's the police but who would've thought?
This motherfucking pig telling me I'm due in court

[Chorus:]

Every time I feel this shit is going my way
Something come along and fuck up my day
I had a rhyme in my mind now there's nothing to say
And cousin that just fucked up my day

Driving down the block someone cut in my way
That shit went and fucked up my day
Rap critics, they always got something to say
I would never let that fuck up my day

[Verse 2:]

I don't know where the fuck I'm at today
I drank a couple of bottles, I guess I have to pay
This bitch laying next me, she look like Cassius Clay
Gotta get outta here before she asks me to stay
I don't know how I got here in the first place
She had a banging body but she had the worst face
I guess I act like an animal, I deserve hate
She must've lured me in with white like she was third base
It ain't hard to convince me to do some dumb shit
Especially when I'm on that get high and drunk shit
That's why Vinnie always end up with a dumb bitch
The only thing I'm never on is on some punk shit
I'm on the other side of town and I'm walking dolo
Panerai watch, Gucci kicks, lots of Polo
Goons ran up on the kid, put the gat to my dome
I was caught slipping, I left the ratchet at home

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Washed In The Blood Of The Lamb

Lyrics

(*Prod. by 4th Disciple)

[Verse 1:]

If you listen to me then you know my father was G*
And the apple don't fall too far from the tree
Me and you is different as we could possibly be
Me and you is just different philosophically
I don't think it's anybody as obnoxious as me
I don't think that anybody else could parted the sea
I don't think that you wanna discuss the horror with me
If I was you I'd move a little bit more farther from me
It ain't nobody living more of a sergeant than me
It ain't nobody alive more of a prophet than me
It ain't nobody living possibly rocking with me
On the stage, in the studio, or boxing with me
Every second I'm awake there is a toxin in me
Anti-depressants, Suboxone, Oxycontin in me
Only a stupid motherfucker have a problem with me
Cause he don't know I got the fucking problem-solver with me

[Chorus:]

I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever touches my hand gonna leave enough blood in the sand
I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever fuck with my fam suffering, a motherfucker should scram

I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever touches my hand gonna leave enough blood in the sand
I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever fuck with my fam suffering, a motherfucker should scram

[Verse 2:]

I slaughter anything I get my hands on
Inside the Church of Anton with bloody pants on
I was in the land of Israel and heard ram's horn
I was in the sand with Ishmael and fought the sandstorm
I'm just waiting for the raven to thaw
Cause I don't argue with Mesopotamian law
I submit my will and faith into the grace of Allah
And the Mayan calendar say it's erasing us all
The four-fifth you should see this thing, it's berserk
And y'all are royalty inside a fucking kingdom of dirt
How are y'all original when y'all ain't think of it first?
I just wish I could put everything I think into verse

Vinnie Paz - Drag You To Hell Lyrics

(*Prod. by DJ Kwestion)

[Chorus (2x):]

I'm taking my own life, I might as well*
Guess where I'm going cause the Devil's inside
I'm taking my own life, that's where I'm going
Except they might not sell weed in Hell

[Verse 1:]

See I always have respect cause I always talk fact
The .38 and the 50 caliber hot, black
I always left with nothing but I always brought back
I always been a hustler, I probably go off that
Y'all don't wanna go to work with the boy
There's only two words that describe me: search and destroy
I don't think you wanna get murked by the boy
My shit is military, y'all is like a nursery toy
It's hurting you boys
My team ain't even hungry, we famished
I murder everybody, fuck collateral damage
I'm animal savage with Hannibal's habits
I'll mangle your cabbage
I walked into the parish and I strangled the faggots
I hang with the baddest brothers, put their trust into Jesus
Run with brothers who's forty guzzlers, Islamic extremists
Ugly and ignorant is how they perceive us
I don't care, I'm trying to deal with my personal demons

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

[Verse 2:]

Y'all don't wanna go that route
Broke motherfucker need to throw his throwback out
If you see me drinking something good I stole that stout
If you see me drinking in the hood then roll back out
On the real I don't want no one to bother me, cousin
Rapping just a little fucking bit of part of me, cousin
I'm just trying to have a drink at the bar with my cousin
I ain't mean to be rude, god, pardon me cousin
I stay strapped lord, gun in the tuck
Young boys act wild lord funny as fuck
I scrap southpaw sonning you fucks
Look at you lord on the floor bummy as fuck, what?
My life been defined by death
So I guess if everybody dead mine is next
My father dropped a jewel on me, time forgets

It's not as easily the mind forgets
Y'all know what I mean?

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

[Verse 3:]

Drag you to Hell, I'm evil dead, you can call me Sam Raimi
These motherfuckers want a verse but they can't pay me
 Fuck a funeral home, put em in the sand maybe
Y'all are acting like you're big, like you're mad gravy
 Y'all don't wanna beef with the god
Don't have the brain power to compete with the god
Y'all should retreat from the god before you get turned to meat
 Something to eat for the god, peace to the gods
 I carry heavy shit, big guns, John Rambo
 I'm a spot Russia like Pakistani commandos
How you go to war when you're standing in sandals?
 Now you're dead and your family handling candles
 Don't even call for a truce, I'm about to end this
 Whole motherfucker when I call for the troops
 Reservoir dog walk with the troops
And I burn this motherfucker down to the ground down to its roots

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

Vinnie Paz - Same Story (My Dedication) Lyrics

[** feat. Liz Fullerton:]

[Verse 1:]

You came into my mother's life at the right time*
More than a step-father, more of like a lifeline
She ain't really had happiness since my pop died
She was living but living is always not alive
And my momma should be treated like a queen
You gave her everything she ever needed like a queen
Probably the most gentle G I ever seen
The love y'all shared I never seen in human beings
Y'all were together twelve years, never no fights
Not even a little argument, that was so nice
Three of us eating dinner together most nights
Working seven days a week, that ain't no life
But never once did I hear you complain
Even when they let you go never hear you with blame
It take a real man to walk through the rain
He was a real man who got sick and fought through the pain

[Chorus:]

I am made of all four corners
All directions without the borders
I am strung so loose together
And you're a thread that holds forever
I'm not nobody's baby
You had your shit too
But you always came through for me

[Verse 2:]

I walked in that morning and knew something was wrong
I tried to talk to you Rock, you didn't respond
I called 9-1-1 and then ran for my moms
Waiting for the ambulance and I tried to be calm
Moms went with you, I stayed and held down the fort
I was nervous, I was crying and really distraught
I was alone by myself, just left with my thoughts
Mommy called, told me that you had a stroke and fought
I ain't seen a hospital since my father died
I don't like it there, memories is locked inside
When I walked inside the room we started to cry
I was just so happy that you was alive
And you told you how much that you hate the hospital
And that they thieves are trying to keep their pockets full
I think I hold myself a little bit responsible
When you was smoking all the time I wasn't stopping you

Nevertheless you came home and that was real
A lot of therapy and doctors gave you lots of pills
You couldn't thrive anymore, you had to stop and chill
And that's too much for anybody that can stop your will
 But you never got back to your norm
 You was proud, didn't want any help from my mom
 I left for tour and you asked me how long I'd be gone
And I could see inside your eyes you knew something was wrong
 I got back mommy told me you was sick again
Couldn't believe that we was going through this shit again
 I love you Rock and I'm always gonna miss you friend
 And for me it's just the same story, different pen

[Repeat Chorus:]